

# THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

## AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

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THE BELMONT CHRONICLE,  
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BY H. J. HOWARD & B. R. COWEN.

OFFICE ON WEST SIDE OF MARKET ST.,  
IMMEDIATELY BELOW THE MARKET HOUSE.

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### THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the  
editor, are considered as wishing to continue their sub-  
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pers, the publishers may continue to send them until  
the arrears are paid.  
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pers from the office, or if they are directed, they  
are held responsible for the same until they are  
ordered discontinued.  
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forming the publishers, and the papers are sent to  
the former direction, they are held responsible.  
5. The courts have decided that relating to take pa-  
pers from the office, or removing and leaving them  
unclaimed for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

### THE HEIR OF ALBURN HOUSE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

By the death of his father, Percival  
Alburn came into the possession of a very  
large fortune. Hitherto the young heir had  
been subjected to the discipline of teachers  
who curbed his restless propensities, and  
kept him under continual restraint, but now  
he resolved to throw off the yoke, and in  
gaining his liberty, devote himself to the  
pursuit of pleasure.

Percival did not neglect to pay a proper  
respect to the memory of his father, who was  
one of the best of men; as soon, however, as  
the days of mourning were over, he gathered  
about him a number of gay companions, whom  
he chose for their pleasure, and their devo-  
tion to the enjoyment of the moment.

For a short time, in the absence of all care  
and reflection, the young heir was very  
happy. Field sports by day and revelling by  
night occupied his time. Percival Alburn  
prided himself in keeping the best horses, the  
best dogs, the best guns and the choicest  
liquors which were anywhere to be obtained.  
His table was the wonder of the country,  
and his house was hospitably thrown open to  
all his friends. The old country seat of the  
Alburns appeared to have undergone a strange  
metamorphosis so wildly did the hilarity of  
the heir contrast with the sobriety of his father.

Percival was the moving spirit of the  
whole, and he was as I have said, very  
happy for a time. But the gayest life soon  
becomes monotonous; the young heir wearied  
at last of the excitement which were no  
longer novel or pleasing to his taste.

Percival desired a change.  
"It is very plain," said he, yawning  
when he should have been gay, "I cannot  
enjoy myself in the country, where there  
is no novelty."

The city is the only place worthy to be-  
come the residence of a man of leisure and  
means. Let us get away from this dull spot  
as soon as possible."  
Another change came over the old country  
house of the Alburns. The revelers had all  
departed, and only the servants remained.  
The days were once more quiet, and the  
glare of light and the sounds of mirth no  
longer invaded the darkness and stillness of  
night.

Percival mixed with the gay throngs of the  
metropolis. In seeking the enjoyments of life,  
he suffered no scruples of conscience to deter  
him; he drank deep of every fancied source  
of happiness—exhausted the old pleasures  
and invented new.

At the end of a year, Percival was more  
thoroughly disgusted with the city than he  
had been with the country. He even con-  
sidered the monotony of the latter preferable  
to the selfishness, vanity and deceit which  
corrupt the former. But the thought of re-  
turning to the home of his fathers was repug-  
nant to him, and he resolved to travel.

"Complete happiness," said he, "is not to  
be found in any one spot. It must be sought  
in a variety of places; it must be obtained  
through a knowledge of the world."

Young Alburn selected a few traveling  
companions, noted for their gaiety, intelligence  
and wit, and set out on his pilgrimage. He  
sought for happiness in Paris, but he found  
only a glittering counterfeit, which proved  
to be hollow. He sought for it then amid  
Alpine scenes, but it was not there—nor in  
luxurious Italy, nor sunny Spain. Neither  
the North nor the South, nor the East nor  
the West, nor the old world nor the new,  
afforded him the gem he coveted. Sure, he  
often said in the possession of others, but it  
was not for him; and whenever he flattered  
himself that he had seized it at last, it van-  
ished from his grasp.

At length, weary of his fruitless pilgrimage,  
and sighing for repose, Percival Alburn  
bethought him that he had never been so  
near the enjoyment of what he desired as  
when he entertained his friends in the Alburn  
House.

"I will return to it," he said, bitterly re-  
membering the waste of life he had made  
during his voluntary exile; "I will make the  
most of what happiness remains for me  
there."

Ten years from the day of his departure,  
the heir of Alburn House returned to the  
manor of his father, a disappointed, melan-  
choly man. The old servants scarcely  
recognized in the dark brow, hollow cheek,  
and cold, piercing eye of the traveler, the  
features of the once careless and hilarious heir.

And now Alburn felt that he had entered  
a dreary wilderness, so cheerless seemed the  
halls of his fathers. "To live alone in such a

place was impossible; he would have died of  
ennui. Accordingly, once more the heir of  
Alburn gathered around him gay companions,  
who were quite ready to live upon his bounty,  
and endure his caprices with never-failing  
good humor.

Again Alburn House resounded with revelry  
and mirth. The friends of the heir exhibited  
a power of facetiousness in the vain endeavor  
to make him laugh. He only smiled bitterly.  
They drank his wine with unaccustomed zeal,  
and became intoxicated, all for his good.  
The heir of Alburn was sad as ever. They  
rode his maddened horses, leaped fences walls  
and chasms, and sometimes perilled legs and  
arms, and even their heads merely to gratify  
him—all without avail. True, when Dan  
Fleetlyer broke his neck in a fox chase, Alburn  
actually appeared entertained, but in six  
hours he was as melancholy as before.

By following Dan's example, the heir's  
twelve companions who were left, could, at  
that rate, have kept him in good humor only  
three days; and the bare idea of contributing  
four more days to his amusements, was not,  
certainly, very encouraging.

Now, when Dan Fleetlyer was comfort-  
ably under the sod, and the excitement attend-  
ant on his exit from the world, was over, Alburn  
remembered that he was the hardest rid-  
der, the hardest drinker, and the most fastid-  
ious reveler of all his comrades, and conse-  
quently his most valuable man.

"What did that ungrateful wretch want to  
break his neck for?" growled the heir, on re-  
turning one morning from a dull and unsuccess-  
ful hunt. "I would rather have lost any  
six fellows of the devil's own picking. Nay,  
Dan was worth more than all of you, with  
your vast stomachs, red noses, and insipid  
nonsense."

These remarks were overheard by the heir's  
companions, but so far from taking offence  
at them, they sought to restore his good humor  
by praising boisterous Dan, and repeating  
some of his most admired sayings. Alburn  
was only the more angry.

"Don't exaggerate my loss, or I shall send  
some of you to keep Dan company!" he said,  
with an oath.

So the heir's followers were silent, and he,  
with wrath and desperation on his heart, led  
the way down a long hill, in the direction of  
the Alburn House.

At the foot of the hill was a small humble  
cottage standing on the Alburn estate, with  
its doorway facing the south. As the heir  
passed by, the happy voice of a female greeted  
harshly on his ear. She was a plainly clad  
woman of middle age, and she was singing a  
hullday to the baby, in the cottage door. On  
lifting her eyes and perceiving the dark  
scowl of the heir of Alburn, she ceased sing-  
ing, and with an involuntary shudder, clasped  
the infant to her heart.

Muttering a curse, the misanthrope passed  
on only to meet another source of annoyance,  
which angered him more than the first.

The husband of the woman was sitting un-  
der the shadow of a stack of corn, tearing  
the husks from the ear, which he threw into a  
basket. When the basket was full, he em-  
ptied its shining, yellow contents into a crib-  
ber by singing all the time merrily as a chick-  
en. Hard at work, in his stained and patched  
garments, he appeared as happy as a mortal  
could possibly be.

Every day when he had passed that way,  
the heir of Alburn had seen that man work-  
ing and heard him singing the same, but he  
had never remarked him so closely, and with  
such bitterness in his heart, as on this occa-  
sion.

"What stupid boor is that," he growled,  
"who has found in a hovel, what I have sought  
in his dirt and rags, when I am so wretched  
in wealth and splendor? He enjoys him-  
self better alone than I with my sporting  
companions. To him labor is pleasure, and  
to me pleasure is labor. I will follow his ex-  
ample; I will dismiss my companions and  
make my own happiness."

Accordingly, the heir sent away the com-  
pany of revelers, and for a month afterwards,  
did nothing but hate the world and meditate  
on suicide; while all the time the poor cot-  
tager worked and sung as happily as ever.

One day the heir of Alburn, in his most bit-  
ter humor, called his steward to him and said—  
"Who is this clown that lives under the  
hill, singing forever and ever?"

"Surely, sir," replied the steward, "you  
have not forgotten Joe Jarvis?"

"Did not call you, to have you ask me  
whether I have forgotten this man or that  
man?" answered the angry heir. "Tell me  
who and what this man is!"

The steward, too well accustomed to his  
employer's humors to be disturbed by them,  
replied in a quiet tone:

"His name is Jarvis, and I thought you  
must remember him, from the fact that he  
once saved the life of your father at the risk  
of his own. 'This was when he was a boy,  
but your father rewarded him as if he had  
been a man. He gave him yonder cottage  
to live in, and the twenty acres around it to  
work, as long as he lived, rent free."

"And the fellow never pays any rent!"

"No sir—I never supposed you would think  
of doing differently by him from your father!"

"How dare you to dictate to me!" thundered  
the heir of Alburn. "Go—bring this hap-  
py man to me!"

Alburn was sitting in the room which had  
been his father's study, in the midst of the  
long neglected, rusty books, when poor Joe  
Jarvis appeared.

The misanthrope looked up from the wine  
glass, in which he had been striving to drown  
the blue devils which had been haunting his  
brain, and scowled darkly upon the cottager.

The latter, holding his faded and bruised  
straw hat in his hand, bowed respectfully,  
and stood patiently to know what service the  
heir of Alburn desired at his hands.

"You are a mortal man!"

"Well! well! I can excuse your dress; but  
do you mean to say you have only two coats?"

"I had three, sir, but since my wife cut up  
my old black one to make a new brown one  
for Billy, I haven't but two; and in fact, I do  
very well without any more, for I never wear  
one in the summer, though in coolish weather  
like this, when I go to a raising, or to town,  
I sometimes feel as if this shiny and patched  
old thing was hardly good enough to wear,  
while you know I couldn't afford to put on  
my best one. So I sometimes say to Polly  
—that's my wife—if I only had a kind of  
second best coat!"

"And is there nothing you want more than  
a coat?"

"Indeed, sir, there are a good many things  
I sometimes think it would be convenient to  
have."

"Well, Jarvis," said Alburn, eyeing the  
cottager, "what are those things?"

"Oh, it's no use to speak of them, or think  
of them, I am contented without them, but  
since you have done me the honor to ask  
me, I may say I should like very much to  
have a new axe to cut wood with, since Billy  
has badly nicked the old one, by striking it  
into the ground; I would like to get little  
Polly a pair of new shoes for winter—to be-  
sure the weather is growing too cold now for  
the poor child to go barefoot!"

"Pshaw! don't mention these little things  
—tell me, do you never desire a carriage, fine  
horses, a splendid house?"

"Hah! ha!" laughed the good natured man,  
"how would I look in a fine house? What  
would I do with a fine carriage? No, no; I  
was not brought up to these things; and though  
I don't doubt but they would be very pleas-  
ant, I don't desire them."

Alburn's brow contracted.

"So you are contented with what you have,"

he muttered.

"I think I should be a wretch to complain,"  
replied the cottager. "Thanks to your kind-  
ness in giving me those twenty acres rent  
free, I and my family have enough to eat and  
drink."

"My friend," said Alburn, bitterly, "my  
friend, since you can be so happy with so lit-  
tle, you must do with less. I have called you  
here to tell you that from this day I can spare  
you only ten acres."

A shadow crossed the poor man's brow,  
but a moment after he smiled, while a tear  
glittered in his eye.

"Indeed, sir," he said, in a trembling voice,  
"I can only thank you for having given me  
the use of the land so long, and you are very  
kind to leave me the other ten acres still.  
True, Polly can't have the new gown she  
was going to buy, and I shan't be able to  
send Billy to school this winter, but I assure  
it will be all for the best in the end. I thank  
you, sir, from my heart."

"Come! you have said enough!" growled  
the misanthrope—"Go!"

The cottager bowed respectfully, and re-  
turned.

Alburn enraged at seeing a poor man so  
much happier than himself, and at having, for  
a moment, felt a glow of human sympathy in  
his heart, struck the table savagely with his  
flat, and called his steward, to whom he gave  
orders to have the cottager's land divided.

Feeling a fierce joy in the thought that this  
act would certainly curtail the poor man's  
happiness, Alburn rode by the cottage a few  
days after, to exult in the anticipated change.

Jarvis had that morning found a tree, which  
the autumn gales had blown down on Alburn's  
land, and now, with the permission of Mr. Peters, the steward, he was cutting it  
into firewood for winter. Not observing the  
heir as he rode by, the poor man stopped to  
rest, and began to whistle in the most cheer-  
ful and contented manner.

At the sight of such happiness, the misan-  
thrope was more enraged than ever, and he  
immediately gave orders that the cottager  
should be compelled to pay rent for the ten  
acres which had been left him.

This was a hard blow for the poor man; but  
instead of complaining, he resolved to make  
the best of it, look on the fairest side of the  
picture, and frighten care away with singing.

Now the cottager had a large family, and  
the heir of Alburn knew that it must take  
everything he had to supply their more ur-  
gent wants, and pay his rent; but, angered at  
seeing the poor man so much happier than  
himself, he remorselessly allowed them to  
suffer. In the depth of winter Jarvis was  
compelled to sell his cow; and the proprietor  
of the estate was one day informed that the  
poor man's neighbors had actually been ob-  
liged to come to the assistance of his family,  
which was very much to his credit.

"Peters," said Mr. Alburn, on the follow-  
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him to shovel out the snow from the avenues  
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The misanthrope rejoiced in the thought that  
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seeing this poor man cast down with his mis-  
fortunes. As Jarvis approached, wading thro'  
the snow drifts, with a scow on his shoulder,  
and Alburn watched him with a dark scowl,  
a lip curling with savage triumph.

"Are you a mortal man?"

Jarvis opened wide his wondering eyes,  
and returned Alburn's scowl with a look of a-  
musement.

"If you are," muttered the proprietor of the  
estate, "you are an exception to the human  
race!"

"I beg your pardon, sir—but if you will  
be so good to tell me—what is my fault?"

"Your fault? Why, you are always hap-  
py!"

rejoiced at his working-day garment, "I know  
very well I am not dressed for genteel society,  
and I assure you sir, I should have run to the  
house and put on my Sunday coat—which  
I never wear except to meeting and on great  
occasions, and I have had it now for six years  
—but Mr. Peters said you was in a hurry to  
see me."

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do you mean to say you have only two coats?"

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my old black one to make a new brown one  
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be so good to tell me—what is my fault?"

"Your fault? Why, you are always hap-  
py!"

Resolved to forget himself, and to occupy  
his time in some interesting and useful pur-  
suit, Alburn on the following day, bethought  
him of a number of poor families in the nei-  
ghborhood, who, report said, were suffering  
from the severity of the winter. Going to visit  
them and relieve their wants, he became  
deeply interested in the novel task, and the  
night came before he had scarcely thought of  
rest.

That evening Alburn drank less wine and  
ate more substantial food than he had done  
before for many months; and on retiring to  
rest, he said to himself—

"Joe Jarvis has revealed to me the secret  
of happiness after all!"

And feeling a quiet joy stealing into his  
heart, he sank into a gentle slumber, from  
which he was awakened by the crowing of  
the cocks on the following morning.

That day Alburn paid a visit to the cot-  
tager's family, which he could not suffi-  
ciently admire for its order, neatness, unity  
and happiness. Another long and serious con-  
versation with Jarvis, strengthened him in  
his resolution to waste no more time in self-  
pleasures, which are only the counterfeit of  
bliss.

In order to prosecute his good works to  
the best advantage, Alburn associated him-  
self with an old man named Fisher, distin-  
guished for his public spirit and his kindness  
to the poor, but whom the heir formerly shun-  
ned, with the repugnance which gayety and  
fully are apt to feel towards sobriety and an-  
drom. Deceived with the sentimentality Alburn  
expressed, the old man gave his hand a hearty  
shake, and proceeded at once to make him  
a confident of all his plans of benevo-  
lence, and to give him necessary and useful  
counsel. From that time he and his new  
friend were united in nearly all their opera-  
tions; the former became interested in the  
churches, the schools, and in all public works;  
and in a few months, he found himself en-  
gaged in politics, not from any low ambi-  
tion, but from an ardent desire to do good.

So completely was Alburn's mind absorbed  
in his new pursuits, that he quite forgot to ask  
himself whether he was happy, until to his  
surprise, he discovered that he was as nearly  
so as he could expect to be in his present  
position in life. So complete a change had  
his ideas of life undergone, that he was now  
convinced that domestic bliss was the most  
perfect form of all earthly happiness.

"As I have no mother nor sisters to cheer  
my heart and home, I must find a wife,  
whom I can love, and in whose happiness I  
can take delight."

Now Mr. Fisher had a daughter, whose  
kindness, cheerfulness and good sense, were  
subjects of remark. Alburn had seen enough  
of her to be assured that report had not ex-  
aggerated her virtues, and to feel that she  
might exert an all-powerful influence over his  
heart. He sought her society, he portrayed to  
her the despair he had conquered, the aspira-  
tions he had conceived, his weakness, and his  
need of help. Her interest was awakened—  
then her sympathy—then her love; and in  
the course of time, they were married.

Every one marked the contrast between  
Alburn House, of the bride and bridegroom,  
and Alburn House, of the days of hard-riding  
and hard-drinking—all was peace and  
happiness where once all was revelling and  
discontent. Percival Alburn loved his amiable  
wife, and from that time he was safe from the  
demons which selfishness fosters in the soul;  
but it was not until he was surrounded by  
children whom he loved, that he felt all the  
truth of Joe Jarvis' definition of the secret of  
happiness.

Keep your conscience clear, and love and  
labor for the happiness of others.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

The following very eloquent passage, in  
relation to Africa, we extract from the address  
of Edward Everett, the present Secretary of  
State, before the American Colonization So-  
ciety, recently in Washington. In speaking  
of the impracticability, if not impossibility,  
of civilizing the continent of Africa by white  
men he said—

"I say again, Sir, you Caucasian, you proud  
Anglo-Saxon, you self-sufficient, all-attempt-  
ing white man, you cannot civilize Africa.  
You have subdued and appropriated Europe;  
and the native races are melting before you  
in America, as the untimely snows of April  
before the vernal sun; you menace China and  
Japan; the remotest isles of the Pacific are  
not distant enough to escape your grasp, nor  
insufficient to elude your notice; but Central  
Africa confronts you, and bids you renounce  
your quadsrons may range, or blockade her  
coast, but neither on the errands of peace or  
on the errands of war, can you penetrate into  
the interior. The God of Nature, no doubt,  
for wise purposes, however inscrutable, has  
drawn across the chief inlets a cordon you  
cannot break through. You may hover on  
the coast, but you dare not set foot on shore.  
Death sits portress at the undefended gate-  
ways of her mud built villages; yellow and  
intermittent fever, blue plagues, and poisons  
that you can see as well as feel, await your  
approach. As you ascend the rivers, pesti-  
lence shoots from the mangroves that fringe  
their noble banks, and the glorious sun, which  
kindles all inferior nature into teeming, burst-  
ing life, darts disease into your languid sys-  
tem. No, you are not elected for this mo-  
mentous work.—The great disposer in an-  
other branch of his family, has chosen out a  
race—descendants of this torrid region, chil-  
dren of this vertical sun,—and fitted them by  
ages of stern discipline, for this gracious  
assignment.

"From foreign realms, and lands remote, supported  
by his care,  
They pass, unharmed, through burning climes, and  
breathe the tainted air."

GOING BACK TO [BEYOND] THE DARK AGES.  
When might made right.—A bill has  
been reported in the Virginia House of De-  
legates, which provides for the appointment  
of overseers, who are to be required to hire  
out at public auction, all free persons of color  
to the highest bidder, and to pay into the

State Treasury the sum accruing from such  
sale. The sums are to be devoted in future  
to sending free persons of color beyond the  
limits of the State. At the expiration of five  
years, all free persons of color remaining in  
the State are to be sold into slavery to the  
highest bidder, at public auction, the pro-  
ceeds of such sales to be paid into the public  
treasury, provided that said persons of color  
shall be allowed the privilege of becoming  
the slaves of any free white person whom  
they may select, on the payment by such per-  
son of a fair price.

NEW YORK EXTRAVAGANCE.—Hon. John  
A. Dix, in a recent lecture before the John  
A. Society made the following very just re-  
marks:

Nothing can be more unwise than the erec-  
tion of costly dwellings, which can only be  
maintained by princely fortunes. At the  
death of the head of the family, and the dis-  
c